

Gopalganj  
Faridpur District  
July 16, 1962

Dear Friends at Essex Assembly:

Greetings in the name of our soon coming Lord!

In our last letter to you we asked you to please not send any more parcels since there were new government restrictions. Little did we know that one was on the way from you before you even received our letter. Two weeks ago we received notice from the customs office in Dacca, the capital city, that a food parcel had arrived from Baltimore and we could claim it only after securing an import permit which must be gotten from the import office in the port city Chittagong. We knew this could take weeks of red tape and the contents of the box would either have been stolen or spoiled. Anyway we wrote for the permit and committed it all to the Lord. In just one weeks time I received the permit and sent it off to the customs office. In two weeks time they sent the parcel which arrived, unopened and unspoiled. Just a little thing you might say but it was a big thing to us for we were reminded again that the Lord is mindful of even the little things that concern us.

Did anyone ever tell you that I was fond of saltines. It perhaps was our heavenly Father who put it in your minds. The parcel arrived while I was alone- had been alone a whole week- and I couldn't go out for it is the rainy season and it is raining almost all the time. I longed for something different from home to eat. Then your box came with peanut butter and crackers, a luxury or rather delicacy you never see here. It was <sup>not</sup> meal time but I sat down and enjoyed some right away. Your choice of contents showed real thought and consideration and if you enjoyed preparing the things just  $\frac{1}{4}$  as much as we shall and are enjoying eating them then I am sure it has been worth while. I ask the Lord to bless each one of you that made this possible.

Even in the rain some activity must go on outside. Women must go the well for water- some of them walking a mile or further. I saw a woman go by with a large jug of water on her hip and a child of about five years on her shoulder. She made her way along the muddy slippery path, perfectly balanced. I have seen mothers with baby on one hip nursing at the breast and a jug on the other hip returning home after a visit to the well. I just saw a family go running by on the slippery path. The mother carried the baby holding a piece of tin over her head to protect from the rain. One child was naked to the waist; another was covered except for head and feet. The feet were shoeless of course and the head bald. In the hot and rainy seasons children up to eight years and often men shave their heads since it is cooler and in the rains easily dried. Girls and boys with shaven heads and wearing only short pants look alike and unless I happen to know them it is a guess as to their sex. Often boys wear ear rings too so this is no true sign of a female.

I wrote to you sometime ago about a Hindu family about a mile from here who has invited me to hold weekly meetings in their home.